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at first that she had to be constantly
watched to prevent her escape.
Neither of her sons was killed at
Pense River, as she always believed.
One of them, QUANA PARKER, be-
came the most famous of Comanche
chiefs and as such he exerted a
stronger influence than any other
Oklahoma chief in inducing the
Indians to live in peace with the white
men.

The monument is raised to her not
to mark any great work achieved for
the State but as a memorial to one
of the most tragic events of the
State's history and a tribute to the
suffering endured by the pioneer
Texas women.

Every Citizen a Fire Marshal.

The 1920 fire loss in the United
States reached the staggering total
of \$500,000,000. This is \$1,370,000 a
day. The average annual per capita
fire loss for five years ended De-
cember 31, 1920, was \$2.71.
Eighty per cent. of the loss is due
to wilful or careless incendiarism.
The criminal who seeks insurance
money through arson and the heed-
less smoker who throws burning
matches into waste baskets are re-
sponsible for four-fifths of this loss.
They cost the country \$400,000,000
in 1920; they cost, on the average,
every American \$2.17 every year
from 1915 on.

The freights who burn property for
insurance are difficult to catch, but
the police and the courts can deal
with them. They would be compara-
tively easy to handle if it were not
for those who burn property through
reckless carelessness. If all the en-
ergy of fire prevention bureaus, fire
departments, policemen and insur-
ance men could be devoted to sup-
pression of fires resulting from crim-
inal acts, acts of God and faulty equip-
ment we should soon see the end of
the terrific waste that now burdens
us. But the most effective policing
possible cannot control the fool who
plays with fire.

Our fire loss is an indictment on
our intelligence, an affront to our
reason, a mockery of our boasted
economic methods, and it will never
be reduced until every American ap-
points himself a fire prevention offi-
cer and enforces on himself the el-
ementary teachings of safety first.

Future of Italy's Fascisti.

The part played by the Fascisti in
meeting the tyranny of radicalism
in Italy and overthrowing it less
through the force of numbers than
by a strong personal appeal to the
national spirit of patriotism, the
power which it displayed in the last
general election and which it is now
exercising upon Italian politics through
the Chamber of Deputies, are so fa-
miliar to the world that the almost
unknown history of the origin of the
movement and its rapid growth and
of the activities of the strong per-
sonalities which it attracted, as told
by GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI in the *Con-
temporary Review*, is particularly
timely. His definition of the move-
ment is clear and more enlightening
than the somewhat vague and eva-
sive statements which have previ-
ously been offered. It is, he says, a
reaction of the middle classes begun
in the period following the armistice
against the Socialists' régime of violence
in the northern provinces.

This régime was a veritable dicta-
torship which had assumed a threat-
ening attitude of which the world
outside of Italy knew little. By
means of boycotts it destroyed per-
sonal relationships. A boycotted in-
dividual could not live in his own
country; the baker refused him
bread, the tailor and bootmaker
clothes and shoes, the barber would
not shave him, the doctor dared not
attend him in illness, and if he died
his relatives had to carry his body
to the cemetery because the under-
taker would not do so. The church
offerings were automatically taxed
and priests were debarred by violence
from the exercise of their duties;
they were even refused passage along
the village roads. Strikes were of
common occurrence, and the public
service, railroads, tramways, postal,
telephone, telegraph and electric fa-
cilities were paralyzed at the whim
of this dictatorial rule.

This state of things was endured
for almost two years and it became to
the Italian people a most striking
example of what the nation would
be forced to undergo from the rule
of the Moscow Soviet. Then the
middle classes, which were the chief
sufferers, determined to act on their
own initiative. The organizations of
Fasci developed spontaneously in
the north and spread rapidly over all
Italy, assuming characteristic re-
gional peculiarities. The first groups
were formed in Trieste and Venezia
Giulia. Then FERNANDO AGOLETTI,
who had been from the first a firm
friend of the Allies and had seen dis-
tinguished service in the war; AR-
THUR SUSS, of the Socialist Reform
party, and BENITO MUSSOLINI, once
an extreme Socialist, joined the move-
ment. They were all young men of
action, whose patriotism was unques-
tioned and who quickly drew around
them a large circle of active sym-
patizers and co-workers.

The Fascisti not only met the radical
elements upon their own grounds
but surpassed them in boldness. They
pulled down the red flag wherever
they saw it, they banished repre-
sentatives of the Moscow Soviet, hooted
and thrashed Socialist Deputies and
organizers, and fought armed en-
gagements with the radicals. They
carried the war from the city to the
country; their frequent sorties had a
military appearance, consisting of
from forty to 200 Fascisti in motor
trucks. At Castelbolognese, where
nearly the whole population was so-
cialist, they invaded municipal

buildings and schools, destroying the
portraits of LENINE and TROTSKY and
wrecking the communist headquar-
ters.

The chief elements of their success
were two: the Government secretly
supported the Fascisti; their very
boldness and aggressiveness carried
their radical antagonists off their
feet and paralyzed their efforts at op-
position. No force could have more
completely revealed to the nation the
weakness of extreme socialism than
did the Fascisti.

The Fascisti movement will very
likely pass, for, as SIGNOR PREZZOLINI
says, "it has no definite theories, nor
has it a lasting interest." Italy is
not a country of well defined political
parties, and it is a country where
the majority is often guided by im-
perative considerations. The Fas-
cisti movement proved itself a just-
ifiable reaction from socialist ex-
cesses, and for the time being it is
of great importance. It must be re-
cognized for what it is and for what
it may continue to accomplish until
its purposes are won, but at the
same time it must be acknowledged
that its power in the hands of the
unscrupulous or the overambitious
politician may become more of a
peril than a blessing to the State.

Charity Drives.

The executive director of the Brook-
lyn Federation of Jewish Charities
believes there should be a central
body for charity control without
permission from which no "drive"
for money should be allowed in
New York city.

There is such a central body ac-
tively, if informally, functioning at
the present moment and its decisions
are binding on all organizations
which seek money or its equivalent,
regardless of their motives, purposes,
management and affiliations.

This body is public opinion. It may
err occasionally in licensing the
active pursuit of cash by unworthy
persons, but it may be depended on
not to allow any really good cause to
go unassisted.

It differentiates with extraordinary
astuteness between the essential and
the non-essential. If it knows no race,
nor creed, nor color, nor nationality,
it recognizes the need of a resident
of Shantung as quickly as it does that
of a denizen of the ruins of the
Austro-Hungarian Empire. It has its
own methods of procedure, its own
means of enforcing its decisions and
appeal from its decisions can be made
to no tribunal higher than itself.

It seems to THE NEW YORK HERALD
this body for the direction of charity
to be about as competent as any other
would be. It has the merit of being
informal and unsalaried. It supports
no expensive press bureau. It has no
paid executives. It has not been sub-
jected to the process of factoryization
which has alienated from so many
charities popular interest.

Blood Told in Grand Prix.

Blood showed again in the Grand
Prix de Paris at Longchamps last
Sunday when Lemonora, by the Derby
winner Lemberg, out of Honora by
Gallinule, whose granddam, Geheim-
niss, by Rosicrucian, won the Oaks,
was first in that richest of racing
prizes in gallant style.

What the Derby is to the English
turf, what the Belmont Stakes, the
Preakness Stakes and the Kentucky
Derby are to the United States, the
Grand Prix is to the French, and its
distance, one mile and seven furl-
ongs, makes it a real test for three-
year-olds. The contest calls for every
ounce of speed and stamina a horse
possesses. The winner is always
hailed as worthy of the highest op-
portunities in the stud. The race is
run in the beautiful park which is a
part of the city of Paris. It is
watched annually by an immense
crowd, attracted by the promise of a
great turf battle as well as a fashion
display unrivaled elsewhere in the
world.

The purse for which this year's
field contested amounted to \$100,000.
It is made up of contributions from
the city of Paris and the five great
French railway companies. It is open
to the entire world. One American
three-year-old won it when the late
JAMES R. KEENE in 1881 sent after it
that great racehorse, but lamentable
failure in the stud, Foxhall by King
Alonso out of Jamaica by Lexington.
He beat a good field, including the
English crack Tristan. The late W.
K. VAN DERBILT won it with Norwest
in 1908, but the colt was bred in
France.

A number of English three-year-
olds have been successful for the
Grand Prix, but by and large the
French have more than held their
own. Spearpoint won it for England
in 1906, and as he also won the Derby
he must be classed as a crack horse.
Then followed a long list of French
successors until 1919, when Galloper
Light by Sunstar scored for the
folks across the Channel. Comrade,
a son of Bachelor's Double, won in
1920, and now that Lemonora has
come through, the English have for
the first time in the history of the
classic won it three times in suc-
cession.

Some idea of the encouragement the
French turf authorities give to the
horse industry may be derived from
the knowledge that \$80,000 was the
share of the winner this year. An al-
lowance of \$4,000 was set aside for
the breeder of the winner, if bred in
France. This sum, of course, will
not be paid out, as Lemonora is a
product of the Sledmere Stud of Sir
MARK SYKES in England.

The favorite for the race was the
home bred Kar by Bruleur out of
Kilzi Kourgin, owned by Madame Ed-
mond BLANC. Kar had shown great
form the past spring and the cables
announced recently that an offer of

\$300,000 had been made for him by
an American, presumed to be A. K.
MACOMBER, who is racing a big stable
in France. That Bruleur won the
Grand Prix in 1913 and that Kilzi
Kourgin was the victor in 1902 make
the colt's breeding rather unusual
and this heightened French interest
in the race. Kar ran unplaced.

Lemonora was a good two-year-old
and he was placed to Humorist for
the Derby. It was reported that his
breathing was affected early in the
spring, but no broken winded horse
ever won the Grand Prix, and he
must have responded to treatment
since his last English appearance.
He is the property of J. WATSON, a
comparatively new devotee of the
turf, whose good fortune this year
has been remarkable, or with a com-
paratively small stable he has scored
several notable victories. Love in
Idleness from his string recently won
the Oaks, the great English classic
for three-year-old fillies.

That the good ones bring the
money is shown by the fact that
Lemonora cost \$16,500 as a yearling.
His yearling half brother, by The
Tetrarch, brought \$48,000 last fall.
What her filly by Tracery will bring
in the autumn is problematic, but
there will be great competition for
her.

The United States has a great in-
terest in the Grand Prix winner, as
his half sister Herodias by The Tet-
rarch is owned by W. R. COE of this
city, who bought her and other high-
bred yearlings from the Sledmere Stud
during the war. There is a touch of
pathos in the knowledge that WILLIAM
HENRY ROWE, the late registrar
of the Jockey Club, who advised the
purchase, died two days before the
race. He believed that Lemonora
was the best horse in England.

The Viand of the Country.

There used to be a little handbook
of unfamiliar restaurants in Europe
that guided the feet of many am-
bulant gourmets in search of what was
most characteristic in the strange
places they visited. Maybe its util-
ity has passed with the changes
wrought by the war, but it served a
useful purpose in bringing to light
the resorts of the natives as opposed
to those designed for the entertain-
ment of tourists.

Americans have learned that in
their own country there are similar
characteristic places of entertain-
ment. There are restaurants in-
tended for the stranger who accepts
the conventional and more or less
standardized menu of the large hotel,
and there are others meant to satisfy
the visitor in search of local color,
if not, indeed, more tangible re-
minders of the locality. In the lat-
ter class no means of refreshing the
stranger has become more popular
than the cafeteria.

This hospitable institution, which
New York is slowly adopting under
the name of the self-service restau-
rant or some similar description,
originated on the Pacific coast. Its
domain quickly extended, the East
being the last to surrender to its con-
venience. It has always attracted
the intelligent, discriminating seeker
for the food, if not the wine, of the
country. He knows he may find
there what is native to the cuisine
of the region he is visiting.

The experienced traveler knows
that in the Southern hotel the corn
bread will be just as smooth and
sugared as in any Northern restau-
rant, but the same food in a cafe-
teria patronized by the citizens of a
Southern town will be made with the
large grained corn meal of the South-
ern millers. In the Far West the
chile con carne of the cafeteria will
be the highly seasoned dish that the
native palate craves, not a mild com-
pound for the visitor from afar. The
frogs' legs of the Northwestern cafe-
teria are not served in imitation of
some remote French model. They
are cooked with the edible simplicity
the people demand.

Thus does the cafeteria in every re-
gion which has adopted this institu-
tion of the multitude supply, with
its native cooks appealing to local
taste, the real food of the country.

We do not recall at the moment any
other civilian resident in Boyle's
Thirty Acres and its environs who has
achieved the popular triumph won by
JAMES SCAR, the gentleman who makes
our weather. Mr. SCAR promised fair
weather, not too warm, to TEX RICHARD,
a hundred times a week, more or less,
representatives of various national-
ities. That he was having a desperate
struggle with J. PLUVIUS was apparent
all the morning, but he succeeded in
making good, and at 3:30 o'clock yester-
day he was unanimously nominated
for Mayor, Governor and President by
the delegates in the big arena.

Skeletons free of duty under new bill.
—Newspaper headline.
That is, every kind of skeleton except
family skeletons, skeletons in
closets and skeletons at feasts. These
are not free under any code of law
known to man.

It is said HENRY FORD may buy the
Government built nitrate plant at Mus-
cote Shoals, Alabama, and if he does
the terrific waste which has been going on
there will stop so suddenly it will make
poor's heads ache. Mr. Ford knows
how an industrial plant should be run.

Once upon a time the Fourth was
noted for fireworks, firewater and fire-
flies. The insects are still around.

The Thrush.

Now that the evening airs grow faint,
And the woods are in a swoon,
The wood thrush lifts its poignant plaint
Against the rose gold moon.
It sounds the same note o'er and o'er
Reiterates and slow,
Which seems the burden Alys bore
In glades of long ago.
The strains are from a harp of gold
Are wafted clear and strong;
It's O, to capture and to hold
This wandering wail of song!
CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Glamour of Bermuda.

From the sun-stepped water of delicate
limpid turquoise.
Through which the steamer glides,
Along the jagged, coffee-brown Bermuda
reefs.
The reflection on the white paint of the
dock ceiling is the pallid blue-green
Of a veneer of phosphorus.

II.—THE HAMILTON WHARF.
Dazzling sun-glare
After sober sea colors—
White roofs . . . clashing cymbals
Of keen snow against warm deep
azure.
Crowds waiting for the steamer to swing
alongside.
Straw hats and flannels;
Parasols . . . bulging cerise and
green argails.

Robins' eggs, blots of vivid orange,
robin's-egg blue, lavender, crim-
son, framing delicate of fresh,
shell-smooth skin at open necks
and throats.
A woman's pink satin sash gleams like
a young knight's corselet of rose-
enamelled steel.
Girls' white shoes and silk-stockinged
ankles . . . catapala-blossom
fringe dangling over the concrete
pier-edge where they sit.
And all stippled against a background
of negro stevedores lounging on
stacked potato barrels—
Glossy horse-chestnut brown on raw
deck—
In the shadow of the corrugated-iron
shed roof.

III.—ISLAND VIEW.
From the high lighthouse eastern and
gallery on Gibbs's Hill,
The island prospect to the east
Over Southampton, Warwick and Paget
parishes,
And Grace, Darrell, Burt and Hinson
islands in Great Sound,
With the houses of gleaming white coral
stone strewn the dark green of
the vesting foliage,
Is like a rush of vaster midocean bil-
lows,
Flecked with sun-bleached crests and
mottlings of gale-born foam.

IV.—THE SOUTH SHORE.
A walk over low hill ridges of Hamil-
ton Island, and emergence above
the open Atlantic—
Thalassia!
Opal and indigo of the mighty ocean
span,
Rolling in unpunctuated orotundity
southwardly to Venezuela,
To Hatteras in the sun-bleached west,
And past Madeira's green arctic east-
wardly to the vast period of
Africa's Moroccan shoulder.

While along this jewel-bright Bermu-
dian coast the restless play of
sunt white on far-strewn reefs,
steeped "fracture trenches" of
this island cladded,
And nearer, seethes over flat, complex-
curved atoll shapes of rock—
"The Bollers"
Great level-topped, maze-patterned
molar teeth of coral stuff,
The very grinders of the Labyrintho-
dont.
Brown as sequoia stumps,
And through what geologic ages sluicing
this same foamy wash of exqui-
site, shattered turquoise sea!

V.—THE ANGEL FISH.
It seems strange
That in the deep Bermuda cave pool,
overhung with sun-checkering
trees, and ringed with coral rock,
And clear as some great crystal of blue-
black tourmaline—
Underneath the bubble of hungry brown
grouper fish,
With their red-gilled mouths ever yawning
for scraps of bread that visi-
tors throw in,
And scrambling over one another in
their greed until the water boils;
underneath also the orb-shelled,
greenish-gray turtles navigating
with deprecating flappers,
Yes, far below, and yielding only rare
glimpses through the limpid water
lens.

Of their oblong burnished bodies refu-
lling with sheen of intense elec-
tric blue,
And tapering to the strange twin fla-
ments of joggle yellow stream-
ing from the body angles above
and below the caudal fin—
Swim the gorgeous angel fish.
Strange, and yet even fish angels have
some self-respect,
And if they cannot escape the common
rule of things in lucent air over-
head, like higher angels,
They must swim to this profound re-
versed heaven of aqueous indigo.
To flash past the stolid turtles, and
gulping groupers
The thrilling up-gliding splendors of
their azure- and golden comet
forms.

VI.—THE ANGEL FISH.
It seems strange
That in the deep Bermuda cave pool,
overhung with sun-checkering
trees, and ringed with coral rock,
And clear as some great crystal of blue-
black tourmaline—
Underneath the bubble of hungry brown
grouper fish,
With their red-gilled mouths ever yawning
for scraps of bread that visi-
tors throw in,
And scrambling over one another in
their greed until the water boils;
underneath also the orb-shelled,
greenish-gray turtles navigating
with deprecating flappers,
Yes, far below, and yielding only rare
glimpses through the limpid water
lens.

Of their oblong burnished bodies refu-
lling with sheen of intense elec-
tric blue,
And tapering to the strange twin fla-
ments of joggle yellow stream-
ing from the body angles above
and below the caudal fin—
Swim the gorgeous angel fish.
Strange, and yet even fish angels have
some self-respect,
And if they cannot escape the common
rule of things in lucent air over-
head, like higher angels,
They must swim to this profound re-
versed heaven of aqueous indigo.
To flash past the stolid turtles, and
gulping groupers